

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06824597 0



J. M. HUMPHRY

Humphrey

ZFRM.



197
not in
Feb 1 - 18

A Soul's First Day in Heaven

✓

Prepared by

Jerry Miles
J. M. HUMPHREY
T



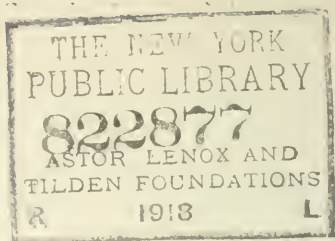
"Blessed are they that do his commandments,
that they may have right to the tree of life,
and may enter in through the gates into the
city."
(Rev. 22 : 14)

TRUE GOSPEL GRAIN PUB. CO.

1118 West Spring St.

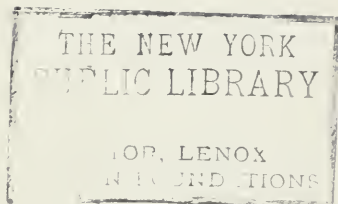
LIMA, OHIO

1917
F. De L.



COPYRIGHT 1917 BY
J. M. HUMPHREY

*Library Journal - Jan 30/18

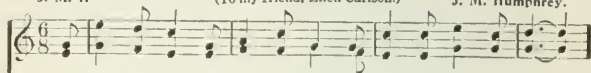


Going Home.

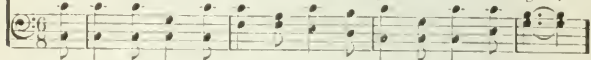
J. M. H

(To my friend, Ellen Carlson.)

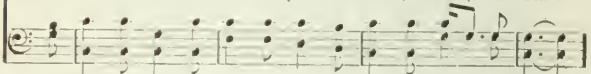
J. M. Humphrey.



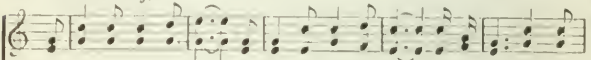
- 1 I'm go ing home fare-well, vain world, With all thy toil and tears!
2. Thy i ron hand has pressed me hard Since life's un-cloud - ed morn,
3. My blush ing face Thou oft didst bathe In sor - row's mid-night dew;
4. I've o ver-come and won the prize, Thro' grace which Je - sus gave,



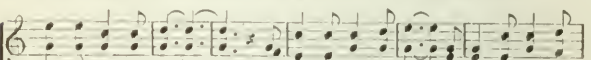
My task is done, the crown is won, I'm freed from all my fears.
And all a long my wind - ing path Set here and there a thorn
And is sued with each pass - ing day Temp - ta - tions not a few.
And now a vic - tor stand com - plete O'er Death, and Hell, and Grave



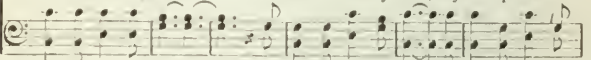
CHORUS. *Lively.*



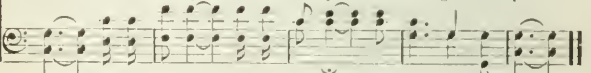
My tri - als here are o'er, My sor - rows are no more, And I'm nearing the



ev - er - last - ing shore. The race is near - ly run, My triumph has be -



gun; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! All dan - ger is passed.



*This little volume
is affectionately dedicated to the
sacred memory of*

NELLIE LITTLE
ADELIA N. ARNOLD

AND
EMMA RICE

*Three devoted daughters of Zion
who recently went
to the homeland of the soul*

FOREWORD

THERE is hardly a subject to be found that will revive and stimulate the faith and hope of God's people like reading and thinking of heaven; therefore, for this specific reason we felt divinely impressed to prepare this little volume.

However, the greater amount of its contents has been selected from the writings of other authors. But to avoid a sameness, and also a tendency to detract from the interest of the reader, we have omitted the numerous quotation marks, or author's name following each paragraph.

Praying God's richest blessing to rest upon it, we send it forth with prayer and love.

Yours for Him,

J. M. H.

March, 1917.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	FOREWORD	5
I.	WHY FEAR TO DIE?	9
II.	LOVE IS THE ATTRACTION OF HEAVEN	12
III.	THE NATURE OF HEAVENLY HAPPINESS	14
IV.	THE NEARNESS OF HEAVEN .	17
V.	THE LAST NIGHT UPON EARTH	19
VI.	A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT . .	24
VII.	THE FLIGHT TO HEAVEN . .	29
VIII.	THE SOUL'S ARRIVAL IN HEAVEN	37
IX.	MEETING JESUS	40
X.	THE BEAUTY OF HEAVEN .	46
XI.	THE LAND WHERE BEAUTY NEVER DIES	49
XII.	THE SUPERIOR GLORY OF HEAVEN	50
XIII.	MEETING LOVED ONES . .	52
XIV.	PURSUIITS IN HEAVEN . . .	57
XV.	JOTTINGS FROM HEAVEN . .	60
XVI.	IN THE TEMPLE	66
XVII.	A TESTIMONY MEETING IN HEAVEN	70
XVIII.	A NEW ARRIVAL'S EVENING ORATION	81
XIX.	HIS INQUISITION TO THE READER	85



A SOUL'S FIRST DAY IN HEAVEN

CHAPTER I

Why Fear to Die?

Who would not readily lay aside his overworn garment at night, if certain of being clad with rich and royal attire in the morning? Who would not cheerfully lay himself down to sleep in his bed, could he safely depend upon waking and rising again with renewed health, vigor and beauty? Who would not joyfully relinquish a mean and miserable cottage for a season, that so it might be adorned with all the glory and magnificence of a splendid palace? O believer, comfort thyself in the Lord Jesus, and contentedly cast off at death this garment, and body, which is incommodious

and troublesome on several accounts in its present state, assuring thyself thou shalt receive this same garment again, abundantly better and beautified, rendered white as the snow, and illustrious as the light.

Let it not concern thee, that the earthly tabernacle will shortly be taken down, for the Lord will build it up again, yea, convert it into a temple that shall stand forever in all its glory. What though the several senses suffer decay, and the eyes in particular will soon be closed, no more to behold the light below? Grieve not at this, inasmuch as these eyes will be formed anew with additional beauty, and with them thou wilt behold the King in His glory, and behold Him for thyself; or, as the Psalmist expresses the same thing, "Behold His face in righteousness."

The ears now, it may be, are almost

deaf, and will soon be entirely stopped, but hereafter they shall hear, with everlasting delight, the harmonious songs of saints and of angels.

The tongue, which now falters thru weakness, and in a little time will speak no more, shall then be formed anew, and tuned for praise, joining in the melodious Alleluias of the blessed above. The hands, now weak, shall then be made strong to receive, and forever retain, immortal palms of victory.

With the feeble feet, now scarce sufficient to support the body, thou wilt then follow the Lamb to the realms of glory, and travel the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem.

In a word, the whole body, though laid in the grave, and turned into dust, shall some day arise, and shine as the sun.

CHAPTER II

Love Is the Attraction of Heaven

WHAT is heaven to me, but God? God who is life, and light, and love, communicating Himself to blessed spirits, perfecting them in the reception, possession and exercise of life, and light, and love forever. These are not the accidents, but the essence of that God, who is in heaven and all to me; should I fear that death which passeth me to infinite essential life? Should I fear a darksome passage into a world of perfect light? Should I fear to go to love itself? Think, O my soul, what the sun's quickening light and heat is to this lower corporeal world! Much more is God, even infinite life and light and love to the blessed world above. Doth it not draw out thy desire to think of going into a world of love? When

love will be our region, our company, our life: more to us than the air is for our breath, than the light is for our sight, than our food is for our life, than our friends are for our solace, and more to us than we are to ourselves, and we more for it as our ultimate end, than for ourselves!

O, excellent grace of faith that doth foreshow this world of love! Shall I fear to enter where there is no wrath, no fear, no strangeness, no suspicion, no selfish separation, but love will make every spirit as dear and lovely to me as myself, and me to them as lovely as themselves, and God to us all more amiable than ourselves and all? Where love will have no defects or distances, no damps or discouragements, no discontinuance or mixed disaffection?

CHAPTER III

Nature of Heavenly Happiness

EXPECT not, therefore, Christian souls, to meet in heaven with a paradise resembling your gardens ; nor with flowers like those that enamel and adorn your parterres ; nor with fruits like to them that hang upon your trees ; assure yourselves that God will show you things infinitely more pleasing and delightful, and more permanent.

Fancy not to find there a city built like ours, which shall really be enriched with silver and gold, pearls and precious stones ; but hope for something more noble and magnificent than all the richest and most stately cities in the world, where God will cause you to see, not only the beauty of silver, the purity of gold, the whiteness of pearls and the bright

lustre of precious stones, but also something far more beautiful and pure, and more perfect white, a greater brightness, and a more ravishing lustre.

Think not to receive any material crown, or to sit upon thrones like to those of the Kings and Princes of the earth, but aspire after something more glorious, and which cannot be shaken.

God will not only make us shine forth as the sun and stars, and clothe us with the brightness of the glorified saints and angels; but He also promises to make us like to himself. He shall not only satisfy us with the fatness of His house, cause us to drink of the rivers of His pleasure, fill us with riches, enlighten us with His brightness, clothe us with His honors, and crown us with His glory; but He, himself, will become our meat and our drink, our treasure, our sun and our glory, if I may so speak, to satisfy and

make us completely happy. God will, as it were, dissolve Himself into rivers and seas of divine and unspeakable pleasures.

But that I may not be misunderstood by too bold a metaphor, it shall suffice me to say with St. Paul, "That God will be all in all" (1 *Cor.* 15:28), that is to say, He will dwell and make his abode in us, in respect to His essence; and will cause us to feel in us His glorious presence, in as great a measure as a finite and limited nature, such as ours, is capable of.

CHAPTER IV

The Nearness of Heaven

THE nearness of heaven is suggested by the epithet "Veil." Christians, there is only a veil between us and heaven! A veil is the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. It is but a fine tissue, a delicate fabric of embroidery. It waves in the wind; the touch of a child may stir it, an accident may rend it; the silent action of time will moulder it away. The veil that conceals heaven is only our embodied existence; and, though fearfully and wonderfully made, it is only wrought out of our frail mortality. So slight is it, that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect's sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere, may make it shake and fall. In a bound, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb

of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we may start into disembodied spirits, glide unabashed into the company of great and mighty angels, pass into the light and amazement of eternity, know the great secret, gaze upon splendors which flesh and blood could not sustain, and which no words lawful for man to utter could describe!

Brethren in Christ, there is only a veil between you and heaven! To us, it is not a solemn, but a delightful thought, that perhaps nothing but the opaque, bodily eye prevents us from beholding the gate which is open just before us, and nothing but the dull ear prevents us from hearing the ringing of those bells of joy which welcome us to the heavenly land.

CHAPTER V

The Christian's Last Night on Earth

I KNEW my hours were numbered, and that I should see no other sunrise on this weary world; and gently said, intolerant of suspense, "My wife, my darling, I am going home; God wills it and I am going home tonight." I feared the first shock of my words upon the tenderest of human hearts, a wife's, a mother's heart. But softly laying her hand upon my burning brow, she said, "I know it all, beloved husband. God hath spoken to me also, and has given these brief hours to my wrestling prayers. Enough, to-morrow and all after-life for tears, to-day and all eternity for love."

And leaning then her ear close to my lips, her soft cheeks touched mine, we spoke or thought of things long past,

and holy memories that glowed in sunlight thru the mist of years, or cast their solemn shadow over the hills; those anniversaries that sanctify so many Sabbaths in a pilgrim's life.

That night I spent in prayer. The lamp that hung suspended in my chamber slowly paled and flickered in its socket. But my soul was lit up with a clearer purer light, the daybreak of a near eternity, which cast its penetrating beams across the isthmus of my life, and fringed with gold the mist of childhood, and revealed beyond the outline of the everlasting hills. And thus long hours of peace, prayer and praise passed noiselessly, as gilded slumber; though that night was more to me than years of life, if life be measured, its true gauge, by love. I feasted upon love; I drank, I breathed nothing but love. The time-piece striking nine recalled me: for I

felt the involuntary thrill it sent thru my wife's heart, as kneeling by my side she clung: and almost unawares my lips repeated words she loved in other days though long forgotten.

They opened a deep fountain, and her tears fell quick as rain upon my hand—hot tears on a cold hand—so sluggishly my blood crept now. And I said, “Call the children and let them read some of God's words.” All other would have jarred that night, but His are tender in their strength, and in their very tenderness are strong. And straightway, like a chime of evening bells melodiously over broken waters borne, they read in a low voice most musical some fragments of the book of life. Then there was silence: and my children knelt around my bed—our latest family prayer. Listen—the clock is striking eleven. Then I whispered to my wife, “The time is

short; I heard the Spirit and the Bride say 'come,' and Jesus answering, 'I come quickly.'” And as she wiped the death dews from my brow, she faltered, “He is very near,” and I could only faintly say, “Amen, Amen.” And then my power of utterance was gone. I beckoned and was speechless, I was more than ankle deep in Jordan’s icy stream. My children stood upon its utmost verge gazing imploringly, persuasively, while the words, “Dear, dear father,” now and then would drop like dew from their unconscious lips. My gentle wife, with love stronger than death, was leaning over those cold gliding waves. I heard them speaking, but could make no sign; I saw them weeping, but could shed no tears; I felt their touch upon my flickering pulse, their breath upon my cheek, but I could give no answering pressure to the fond hands pressed in mine. So rapidly the river-

bed shelved downward, I had passed or almost passed beyond the interchange of loving signs into the very world of love itself. The waters were about my knees; they washed my loins; and still they deepened. Unawares I saw, I listened—Who is he who speaks?—a Presence and a Voice. That Presence moved beside me like a cloud of glory; and that Voice was like a silver trumpet, saying, “Be of good comfort, it is I, fear not.”

And whether now the waters were less deep, or I was borne upon invisible arms, I know not; but methought my mortal robes now only brushed the smoothly gliding stream, and like the edge of a sunset cloud the beatific land before me lay.

One long last look behind me, gradually the figures faded on the shore of time, and as the passing bell of midnight struck, one sob, one effort, and my spirit was free.

CHAPTER VI

A Disembodied Spirit

AND I was now a spirit, new born into a spiritual world. Half dreaming, half awake, I lay a while in an elysium of repose: as glides a vessel long beset with boisterous winds into some tranquil port, and all is still, except the liquid rippling around the keel: so in a trance I lay. But gradually, as wakes an infant from its rosy sleep to find its mother keeping by its side enamoured vigil, dreaming I awoke, and slowly then bethought me whence I came and what I was, and asked instinctively, "Where am I?" And a gentle voice, in tones more musically soft than those the wind elicits from Aeolian harp or lute, made answer, "Brother, thou art by my side, by me, thy guardian angel, who have watched thy footsteps

from the wicked gate of life, and now am here to tend thy pathway home."

I turned to see who spoke, and being turned I saw two overshadowing wings that veiled the unknown speaker. Slowly they disclosed a form of light, which seemed to rest on them, so, to compare the things of earth and heaven, as rests the body of the bird which men call for delight the bird of paradise, upon its waving feathers poised in the air, feathers, or rather clouds of golden down, with streamers thrown luxuriantly out in all the wantonness of winged wealth. Not otherwise behind that angel waved his pinions tremulous with starry light, then dropped close-folded to his radiant side, but, folded or diffuse, with equal ease buoyant he floated on the obedient air. The very sight was melody; such grace flowed in his lightest motion. Save his wings the form was human in the spring

of youth ; his flowing robes were as white as if woven of the beams that fall on the untrodden snow. Again he spoke to me and said, "Before yon hills have caught the Eastern glow of the morning sun, we are expected at heaven's golden gate."

"The road is long, but swifter than the beams of morning is the angelic convoy sent to escort thee home. Myself thy guide and with me other two, who on their hands shall bear thee as they bore blessed Lazarus into his Father's bosom, ready stand waiting our summons. But before we set forth, brother, rise and look around upon the battlefield, where thou hast fought the fight of faith." Immediately, I arose and gazed around, myself invisible. O, sights surpassing utterance, when the mists that veiled that border land of heaven, earth and hell dispersed, or rather when my eyes became used to the mysteries unseen ! As I gazed, questions

innumerable rose to my lips as waters to a fountain's brim. But I was mute with wonder; and my guide, responding quick to my unspoken thoughts, said, "Brother, I will tell thee all by and by; but now come take a final glance of love upon thy earthly home, and we must then begin our upward flight."

I followed where he led. Is it my home, my widowed, desolate and orphan home? O, hush! over every child an angel bent, nor was the nurse the only one who watched the cradle of my sleeping babe. My wife had stolen to our silent chamber back, and knelt in tears beside my lifeless clay, and over her stood a seraph, watching her with wondrous tenderness and love. "Enough, enough," I answered, "all is well; I leave her in the hands of God: arise, let us be going." And at my words the spirit who watched beside her looked upon me a look of ten-

der gratitude and waved his hand in token of a short farewell. And I was now aware of two who stood beside me, courier angels, winged for speed: twin brothers they appeared, so like their mien, so like their garments dipped in rainbow hues; they bent on me the beauty of their smile, and singing as they took my hand in theirs, "Home, brother, home," unclosed their wings of light; and we, our guardian angel leading us the way, set forth upon the road to Paradise.

CHAPTER VII

The Flight to Heaven

SMOOTH, easy and swifter than the winds of heaven was our flight. In the twinkling of an eye we brushed the mantle of a silver cloud that floated in mid sky. Like flames of fire we mounted upward, for a while within the limits of the mighty shadow cast from the earth's solid globe athwart the heavens. But soon emerging from its gloom, we saw the sun unclouded, but its disc reduced half its former radiance,—faint in warmth, feeble in light, and lessening every league. I was now aware that the pathway which we climbed was no longer a solitary track, rather a mighty highway of the heavens: For other travelers, angels they seemed, were passing to and fro unweariedly, on manifold errands of love. Some swept

by us, swift as lightning, on their road from Paradise to earth, and others, sojourning the way we went, in groups of light, bore in their hands, like my angelic guard, a weary pilgrim to his home of rest. Of some the flight was slow: but when I looked, the spirit they carried was in chains, and all his stricken lineaments bespoke despair. And still the path became more thronged and shone with living meteors, so as to compare the things of sight and faith, at midnight when a rose-blush as of morning seems to steal across the northern firmament, with jets of ardent flame and undulating light incessant. On our right hand and on our left the stars sang Alleluia, as we pass'd now in the splendor of some nearer orb, whether a satellite or blazing sun, and now within the twilight interval they lay betwixt their vast domains. But I, solicitous regarding those whose look of woe

once seen was ineffaceable, asked my guide, "Are those prisoners, whose slower course we pass continually, angelic, or lost spirits of human births? And wherefore are they on this road with us?" And he replied, his words were grave but calm, "They are the disembodied souls of men who lived and died in sin." Just then I looked and before us lay a sphere gilded with clouds, and glorious with illuminated lights and shadows mingled. Momently it grew dilated, as with undiminished speed we outstripped lightnings in our homeward path, until in vain I toiled to mark the line of its horizon. Boundless it appeared as space itself, a nether sea of mist unfathomable, shoreless, infinite. Thither our pathway led. But, as we neared its extreme confines, I beheld what seemed a defile in those mountainous clouds, a chasm whence issued floods of radiance, pure, white light, and rainbow

tints, roseate, and gold and blue. Unparalleled on earth: though he who sees the virgin snow upon the Alps suffused with blushes underneath the first salute of morning, sees the shadow of this light. This was the gorgeous avenue which led straight to the gates of bliss—a pass to which the grandest and most sublime on earth, from Cabul to the sunny plains of Ind, were but a miner's arch. The massive sides, massive they seemed, of this ravine were built of clouds which ever hung there indispersed, and caught on every vaporous fold and skirt the glory of the sportive rays that streamed forth from the happy paradise beyond innumerable. But before we passed under the radiant canopy, I saw another road far-stretching on our left into the outer darkness vast and void, and from its depths methought I faintly heard the sighings of despair. There was no time now for

mute surprise or question. On we flew, as shoots a vessel laden with the wealth of Ceylon's Isle or Arabia the blest, right onward, every sailyard bent with wind, into her longed for port, and now the air grew tremulous with heavenly melody. Far off at first it seemed, and indistinct, as swells and sinks the multitudinous roar of ocean ; but ere long the waves of sound rolled on articulate, and then I knew the voice of harpers harping on their harps. And lo, upon the extreme verge of cloud, as once at Eden's portals, there appeared a company of angels clothed in light, thronging the path or in the amber air suspense. And in the twinkling of an eye we were among them, and they clustered around and waved their wings, and struck their harps again for gladness: Every look was tenderness and every word was musical with joy.—“Welcome to heaven, dear brother, welcome home,

welcome forever to the Master's joy! thy work is done, thy pilgrimage is passed."

So sang they; and the vast defile of clouds re-echoed with the impulse of song and music, and the atmosphere serene throbbed with innumerable greetings. Sounds such as no mortal ear hath ever heard, save those who watched their flocks at Bethlehem, ravished my soul, and sights surpassing words, till ear and eye fulfilled with pure delight, I turned to my angel guide and said unconsciously, "It would be good to sojourn here!" But he, in tones of buoyant hope, replied, "Brother, thou shalt see greater things than these."

On thru that mountainous defile of clouds, my guardian and his winged ministers bore me with smooth, undeviating flight, and speed unslackened: round about us played our retinue of angels, carolling and harping as they flew: the

while an hour passed peradventure of terrestrial time, measuring in space leagues almost measureless, though travelers along that blissful road wished it were longer. But at last, aware of brighter radiance circumfused, I looked far in the gleaming distance, and behold, barring our onward course, were gates of translucent pearl, thru which the glory of heaven came softened in a thousand tender hues—distinguishable Iris, Chrysolite, Sapphire, Emerald, and Sardius, and peerless Hyacinthine Amethyst.

The deep foundation of those gates were sunk lower than thought may fathom, and their top appeared to touch the empyrean's arch; but at the echo of the harpers' song back with melodious sound they softly flew, as if themselves instinct with sympathies of welcome, and disclosed the scenes of bliss that lay beyond them, bathed in amber light. Through the

gates of pearl we passed, and on a terraced platform stood, which overlooked the realms of Paradise, and gazed a while, like Moses from the rocks of Pisgah on the promised land. O, scene surpassing words! Before me lay outstretched a garden far more large than if the earth, from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset, bloomed with the countless roses of Cashmere.

CHAPTER VIII

The Soul's Arrival in Heaven

HERE first upon the threshold of those gates my heavenly escort paused. Here first I trod a pavement of transparent gold, and gazed upon that luminous ravine which brought us hither, in admiring marvel.

Then I was certain that death's dark valley, death's chilly streams, death's goblin form and resistless spear were all forever passed. Yes, the thought of dying, the peculiarity of death, and the mystery which interlinked eternity and time, had all vanished, and I was home at last.

All of my previous joy had been mixed with grains of suspense, fear, temptation, test and disappointment; but now, on

reaching this world of day, and inhaling the buxom air that fans the tree of life, I drank my first cup of unmixed joy.

Not until reaching this elevated point did I fully realize the absolute necessity of "Holiness." But on beholding a Holy God, Holy Angels, Holy Saints, and a Holy Heaven, I realized that it would have been absurd to think of entering such a place without being sanctified wholly.

The mist of time had cleared away and I now saw even as I was seen; and knew as also I was known. And though I had been in heaven but one moment, I instinctively comprehended and understood the mysteries of science, astronomy, gravitation, electricity, and the planets. Not only so but the soul, body and spirit of men, angels, heaven, hell, God and the devil.

“Angel voices sweetly singing,
Echoes thru the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing,
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“Sin forever left behind us;
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us—
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

“On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!”

CHAPTER IX

Meeting Jesus

WE lighted; and my guardian with a smile of gladness which no thought of self obscured, turned to me, saying, "Brother, this is home: this is thy Saviour's rest. Go forth and meet thy Lord. Beneath the shade meantime we tarry for thee, while alone thou seest Him whom thou hast loved unseen. By yonder grassy bank." So they retired a little space aside, under the grateful shadow of those trees rich with ambrosial fruit; and ere my lips could utter thanks I found myself alone—alone and on my way to meet my Blessed Redeemer. The solitude was sweet. So many scenes of glory and unprecedented joy had crowded on my vision that I longed to gather and compose my thoughts awhile in meditation.

Such an interval of brief but blissful solitude the bride, left lonely on her bridal evening, feels to still the beating of a heart that beat too high with virgin bashfulness and hope, ere she receives her spouse. And, as I trod those banks enameled with the freshest flowers, soothed with the gliding music which the stream of life made ever, brokenly from step to step communicating with myself I thought aloud. "And am I then in heaven? This the Paradise of saints? And is it I, myself, who speak? The same who wandered in the desert far astray, till the Good Shepherd found me perishing, and drew me to Himself with cords of love? Has He now brought me to His heavenly fold, which sin can never touch nor sorrow cloud, me who have watered with my frequent tears the thorny wilderness, and struggled on footsore and weary—me, the wayward one?"

“And shall I never more from Him wander, or grieve His brooding Spirit again? O, joy ineffable! But am I now about to meet Him, see Him face to face who made me, and who knows me what I am, of all His saints unworthiest of His love? Why beats this heart so tremulously? Why do thoughts within me rise? Is it not He who bought me with His blood? Hath He not led me on my journey hither step by step? Came He not to me at the hour of death, and whispered that my sins were all forgiven, and now hath sent His angels to convoy my spirit safely home, and welcome me with songs of Alleluia? What is love, if this indissoluble bond that links me and my Lord forever be not love? His costly, precious, infinite, divine; mine human, limited, and mean, and poor, and yet His inward spirit whispers, true. For what were all this gorgeous Paradise, the music

of these waters, and these bowers fragrant with fruitage, what were all to me, and tenfold all, twice measured, without Him? Without Him heaven were but a desert rude; with Him, a desert would be heaven. And art thou here, Jesus, my Lord, my light, my all?"

And as I spake I heard a gentle voice calling me by my name. I turned to see who called me; and lo, One wearing a form of human tenderness approached. Human He was, but love divine breathed in His blessed countenance, a love which drew me onward irresistibly persuasive: whether now He veiled His beams more closely than the hour His brightness shone around the prophet by Ulai's banks, and in that solitary Patmos smote prostrate to earth the Apocalyptic seer; or whether the Omnipotent Spirit of God strengthens enfranchised spirits to sustain more of His glory. I drew near to

Him, and He to me. O beatific sight!
O vision with which nothing can compare!
The angel ministrant who brought me
hither was exquisite in beauty, and my
heart clave to his heart: the choristers of
light, who sang around our pathway,
none who saw could choose but love for
very loveliness. But this was diverse
from all other sights. Not living only, it
infused new life; not beauty alone, it
beautified; nor only glorious, for it glori-
fied. For a brief space methought I
looked on Him, and He on me. O blessed
look! how brief I know not, but eternity
itself will never from my soul erase the
lines of that serene transfiguring aspect.
For a brief space I stood, by Him up-
held, gazing, and then in adoration fell
and clasped His sacred feet, while holy
tears, such tears as disembodied spirits
may weep, flowed from my eyes. But
bending over me, as bends a mother over

her waking babe, He raised me tenderly, saying, "My child." And I, like Thomas on that sacred eve, could only answer Him, "My Lord, my God." And then He drew me closer, and Himself with His own hand, His pierced hand of love, wiped the still falling tear-drops from my face, and told me I was His and He was mine.

That hour for brevity a moment seemed; for benediction, ages. But at last solemnly He said, "The night is almost spent, the morning is at hand. Fearless meanwhile rest thou in peace. Thy guardian angel shall lead thee to those bowers of bliss where now thy parents and thy babes await my kingdom with the other Blessed dead."

CHAPTER X

The Beauty of Heaven

“Burst, ye emerald gates and bring,
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.”

LANGUAGE is inadequate to describe what then, with unveiled eyes, I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, not a single ripple on its surface, and its purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of the lake or river rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruit and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river. While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that cloudless sky.

Beauty was sole monarch everywhere. Nor were there wanting hills with valley interspersed, and placid lakes and plains, and forests of cedars, fit for holy intercourse of friend with friend, and opening glades between. The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew, and every flower of fairest cheek, around me smiling flocked. And near the sacred hill upon which I stood a streamlet walked, warbling the holy melodies of heaven, while the hallowed zephyrs brought me incense sweet.

O happy home! O happy pilgrims here! O blissful mansion of our Father's house! O walks surpassing Eden for delight! here are the harvests reaped once sown in tears: here is the rest by ministry enhanced: here is the banquet of the wine of heaven, riches of glory incorruptible, crowns, amaranthine crowns of victory, the voice of harpers harping on their

harps, the anthems of the holy cherubim, the crystal river of the Spirit's joy, the Bridal place of the Prince of Peace, the Holiest of Holies—God is here.

CHAPTER XI

The Land Where Beauty Never Dies

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal!

A land whose light is never dimmed by shades,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for age eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers,
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Thru those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision,
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opens these gates Elysian.

O, land of love! O, land of light divine!
Father, All wise, Eternal!
Guide me, O guide these wandering feet of
mine
Into those gates Supernal!

CHAPTER XII

The Supreme Glory of Heaven

IT is to the substance, of which all earthly good is but a hint. It is to the glory, of which all beauties here are but a shadow. It is to a joy, of which all sordid joy is but a mockery, all human joy is but a dream. It is to a rest, of which all rest below is but a glimmer. It is to music, of which all melody within these hearts is but a fluttering cadence, a mournful stanza, dying on the wind—a faltering echo in the barren rocks. It is to a home, of which all earthly homes are only canvas daubs and tantalizing touches. It is to a day for which all other days were made. It is to a Sabbath, of which the balmiest Sabbath is an emblem, a fragrance spent upon the air. It is a city, to which the grandeur of all earthly cities

is as the glow of cinders in an ashy heap. It is to a liberty, a franchise, before which all citizenship on earth is bondage and a dungeon doom. It is to worship, of which all other worship is but as the chattering of parrots, chattering human speech. It is to a life, for which all other life is but a bubble breath, a fleeting sigh. It is God's own house. O, summerland of the soul! land of beauty, land of flowers, land of love!

CHAPTER XIII

Meeting Loved Ones

THE track was long soliciting our stay; the time was briefer than my words. And lo, a valley opened on our sudden gaze pre-eminently beautiful and bright amid that bright world of beauty. But straightway, or even I could utter words of praise, voices familiar as my mother tongue fell on me; and an infant cherub sprang, as springs a sunbeam to the heart of flowers, into my arms, and murmured audibly, "Father, dear father;" and another clasped my knees, and faltered the same name of power. One look sufficed to tell me they were mine, my babes, my blossoms, my long parted ones; the same in feature and in form as when I bent above their dying pillow last, only their spirits were now disrobed

of flesh, and beaming with the likeness of their Lord. And when I saw my little lambs unchanged, and heard them fondly call me by my name, "Then is the bond of parent and of child indissoluble," I exclaimed, and drew them closer to my heart and wept for joy. But other voices of familiar love, and other forms of light reminded me by the deep yearnings of my soul I was myself not only a father, but a child; nor child alone, but brother, pastor and friend. How often had I longed in dreams of the night, or meditative solitude, to see the beaming sunshine of my father's smile, which ever seemed to me a reflex joy cast from God's smile; or haply oftener yet my mother's face of fond solicitude,—solicitous for all except herself. They were before me now. Nor they alone: betwixt them leant a slender seraph form, my sister's spirit, who with frailest bark year after year had stemmed

the wildest sea, pain, conflict, cloud and utter weariness, till the last billow, almost unawares, on its rough bosom bore her into rest. And can this be that waved-tossed voyager, this she?

Radiant with beauty and with bloom, as if the past had written on her brow its transcript in those shades of pensive grace and breathing sympathy, wherein remained nothing of sadness, all of saintliness, she stood and looked on me a moment, saying, "My brother, it is he!" and on my neck she fell; nor arms alone were interlocked in that embrace. And then the pent-up thoughts of many years flowed from our eager lips, as waters from a secret spring unsealed. I was no stranger there; but rather as one who, travel-worn and weary, weary of wandering thru many climes, at length returning homeward, eyes far off the white cliffs of his fatherland and ere the laboring ship

touches its sacred soil leaps on the pier, while on him crowding press children, kith and friends, who in a breath ask of his welfare, and with joyous tongues pour all their love into his thirsty ear. Such welcome home was mine; such questionings of things that had befallen me since last we met, and on my pathway thitherwards, and of the dear ones I had left behind:—words with embraces interspersed.

And then, taking my hands exultingly in theirs, and singing for delight, they led me on adown that heavenly valley. Straight towards a river bank they bent their steps, shaded by trees of life, whose pendant boughs, fanned by soft gales, and laden with fresh fruit, dipped in the living waters. Every step some fondly loved, familiar face was seen, whom I had known in pilgrim days, unchanged.

So passed we on, and lo, a group of

the beatified advanced to meet us, on whose lips methought, hushed to a whisper for delight, I heard the strange salute of "father." In amaze I asked what meant such gratulation there? And one for many answered, "From thy mouth we heard of Jesus' love, and thine the hand that led us to His feet." It was enough: for all the parent and the pastor woke within me; all the holy memories of by-gone days flowed in a reflux tide over my soul once more. Some I had known from rosy dawn of childhood, and had watched their hearts like buds beneath a cottage wall unfolding to the sunshine of God's love. But now arrived upon that river bank whose lucid waves were shaded by the trees of life, along its marge in loose array we wandered, saints and angels, hand in hand, the children dancing in their innocent glee, and showering roses round our steps.

CHAPTER XIV

Pursuits in Heaven

PURSUITS are various here, suiting all taste, though holy all and glorifying God. Observe yonder band pursuing the sylvan stream, mounting among the cliffs; they pull the flowers, springing as soon as pulled, and, marveling, pry into its veins, and circulate blood, and wondrous mimicry of higher life; admire its colours, fragrance, gentle shape; and thence admire the God who made it so—so simple, complex and so beautiful.

Behold yonder other band in airy robes of bliss. They wave the sacred bower of rose and myrtle shade, and shadowy verdant bay, and laurel, towering high; and round their song the pink and lily bring, and amaranth, narcissus sweet, and jessamine; and bring the clustering vine,

stooping with flower and fruit, the peach and orange, and the sparkling stream, warbling with nectar to their lips unasked; and talk the while of everlasting love.

On yonder hill behold another band, of piercing, steady, intellectual eye, and spacious forehead of sublimest thought. They reason deep of present, future, past; and trace effect to cause. . . . These other, sitting near the tree of life, in robes of linen flowing white and clean, of holiest aspect, of divinest soul, angels and men—into the glory look of the Redeeming love, and turn the leaves of man's redemption over, the secret leaves, which none on earth were found worthy to open, and, as they read the mysteries divine, the endless mysteries of salvation wrought by God's incarnate Son, they humbly bow before the Lamb, and glow with warmer love.

These other, there relaxed beneath the shade of yonder embowering palm, with friendship smile, and talk of ancient days, and young pursuits of dangers passed, of godly triumph won, and sing the legends of their native land, less pleasing far than this their Father's house.

None are idle here, look where thou wilt, they all are active, all engaged in meet pursuit; not happy else. Hence is it that the song of heaven is ever new; for daily thus and nightly new discoveries are made of God's unbounded wisdom, power and love, which give the understanding larger room, and swell the hymn with ever-growing praise.

CHAPTER XV

Jottings from Heaven

FOR years I looked upon death with a sense of dread, considering him a terrible monster, but now realize that he was only a messenger sent to notify me that my earthly task was finished and my mansion ready.

I have only been in heaven a few hours, but during that time I have met so many great surprises. They are as follows:—
1. There are many people I did not expect to see here. 2. I miss so many I expected to find here, and the greatest surprise of all is that I myself am here.

I am by no means a stranger here. I never felt more at home in all my life. Why, I am perfectly acquainted with every saint and angel here. I needed no

introduction whatever; to see them was to know them.

Heaven is called Paradise—a garden of fruits and flowers on which our spiritual natures and taste will be regaled thru one ever-verdant spring and golden summer; a Paradise where lurks no serpent to destroy, and where fruits and flowers shall never fade, droop nor die.

Heaven is a “Building” that has God for its Maker, immortality for its walls, and eternity for its day. It is also a *home*. Oh, how sweet is that word! What beautiful and tender associations cluster around it. Compared with it, *house*, mansion and palace are cold, heartless terms. It quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again.

Heaven is a *temple*—“bright with the divine glory, filled with the divine presence, streaming with the divine beauty,

and peopled with shining monuments of divine goodness, mercy and grace." It is also a *City*—"whose walls are jasper, whose streets are burnished gold, thru which flows the river of life."

The state of eternal glory implies three things:—1st. An absence of all suffering, pain, sin and evil. 2nd. The presence of all good, both of the pursuit and most exalted kind. And 3rd. The complete satisfaction of all the desires of the soul, at all times, and thru eternity, without the possibility of decreasing on the one hand, or of satiety on the other, or of any termination of the existence of the receiver or the received.

In this beautiful world we wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy one; for we always see him as he is.

Heaven, too, is a vast country over whose wide regions we travel in all the

might of our untiring facilities, and in all the glow of new and heaven-born energies, discovering and gathering fresh harvests of intelligence, satisfaction and delight.

In this land of fadeless day, good without the fear of evil beckons us, life without the fear of death embraces us, and pleasure without pain refreshes us. We have sunshine without sorrow, and music without discord.

Quite often an elder saint stops by my mansion and tells me of the beauties here, and also of his journey home. At other times we cluster beneath the trees of life and talk of wonders passed until our hearts overflow with never failing love.

This morning on entering heaven's gate I heard these words of welcome falling from more than ten thousand times ten thousand flaming tongues: "Hail,

brother! hail, thou son of happiness, thou son beloved of God, welcome to heaven, to bliss that never fades! thy day is passed of trial, and of fear to fall. Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter now into the joy eternal of thy Lord."

I also noticed standing just inside the gates of pearl an image fair, holding a mirror large and bright. This image was truth, immutable, eternal truth, in figure emblematical expressed. Before it virtue stands, and smiling sees, well pleased, in her reflected soul, no spot. There all new arrivals read their essential worth; and, as they read, they take their place among the just; or high, or low, each as his value seems.

So perfect here is knowledge, and the string of sympathy so tuned, that every word that each to the other speaks, though never heard before, at once is

fully understood, and every feeling uttered, fully felt.

The saints from every clime, with snowy robes and branchy palms, continually surround the fount of life, and drink the streams of immortality, for ever happy and for ever young.

In middle heaven remote, is seen the mount of God in awful glory bright. Within, no orb create of moon, or star, or sun, gives light; for God's own countenance, beaming eternally, gives light to all. But farther than these hills, His will forbids it flow, too bright for eyes beyond. This is the last ascent of Virtue; here all trial ends, and hope; here perfect joy, with perfect righteousness, which to these heights alone can rise, begins, above all fall.

CHAPTER XVI

In the Temple

THE citizens here are quite different from those of earth; they seem thoughtful yet cheerful. They carry about with them such dignity and repose, such peace and purity, as were never stamped on mortal's brow. The light of the city is very peculiar. It is not the light of the sun, for there is no dazzle; nor the light of the moon, for it is clear as noonday. It is an atmosphere of light—calm, lovely, and changeless. The mansions are not like palaces of earth. The people are all going one way today. They are entering an edifice more spacious and magnificent than mortal eye has ever beheld. It is not marble, but light, pure light, consolidated into form, and within is a stair-

case, all of light, which they are ascending.

As I stood wrapt in amazement one of the elders beckoned me to follow him, and he took me into this grand and capacious temple. It seemed to be built of the finest alabaster, with columns of crystal, richly decorated. The interior was arranged like an amphitheater, and lighted up with a soft radiance. In the midst of it there was a throne, and He that sat on it was, to look upon, like jasper and a sardine stone, and there was a rainbow round about the throne like unto an emerald. And around about the throne were four and twenty seats; and upon the seats were four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment, and they had on their heads crowns of gold, and they fell down before Him that sat on the throne, and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their

crowns before the throne, saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." And I saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues. Then He who sat on the throne broke the bread of eternal life, and gave it to the saints, they also drank of the living water which proceeded out of the throne of God and the Lamb. He then unfolded unto them the grand mysteries of redemption, and every heart was thrilled with rapture. The assembly then rose, and from twice ten thousand times ten thousand voices rolled the new song, blended with the seven thunders which uttered their voices, subdued by the harmonious strains of myriads of golden harps, and supported by the majestic roaring of the beasts that guard the

throne of the Infinite. At the close of the grand oration there stood up a person most glorious to look upon, and said, "As I look upon this great multitude my joy is indescribable. I know that it was thru my disobedience that sin entered into the world, but I rejoice that to me was given the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. And when the fullness of time was come, God sent forth His Son born of a woman—made under the law—that we might receive the adoption of sons. To Him who has redeemed us to God by His own blood, we would ascribe all the praise." When he had thus spoken, there arose a multitude of harpers, who sang with perfect harmony the song of Moses and the Lamb.

CHAPTER XVII

A Testimony Meeting in Heaven

WHEN the multitude of harpers had ceased singing the song of Moses and the Lamb the meeting was thrown open for testimony. They testified as follows: Abel rose and said: "Dear brethren, you are all aware that there was a period when no human spirit stood before this throne. Seraphim and cherubim with folded wings and veiled faces were the only worshippers in this temple. When I arrived I found no redeemed spirit here, none who had wept, none who had suffered, none who had died. I was a stranger from a strange world. Here I stood pouring out my lonely song unto Him that loved me and washed me from my sins in His own blood. Though I was the first to taste the bitter pains of

death, I was more than recompensed for all I suffered when I found myself in the presence of my Saviour! Happy change!" He paused, and the whole assembly cried with a loud voice, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

After this Enoch stood up and said: "I felt unspeakably happy while listening to our illustrious brother. All of you except Elijah know what it is to die; but he and I were translated to these heavenly mansions without seeing death. While on the earth it was my daily privilege to walk with God. One day, while meditating upon His goodness and the joy of this celestial home, I felt a mysterious change pass over me. I was not, for God took me, and the next moment I found myself in this glorious city. In this respect I am more favored than you;

but I know you will only consider it as an occasion for a song of more exalted praise," to which the whole assembly responded, "Amen! Alleluia! How great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty! How just and true are thy ways, O King of Saints!"

As soon as Enoch had done speaking Abraham rose and said, "Brethren, since coming to this beautiful land of light and love, I have fully realized the fact that it paid to turn from the last idol, and walk before God with a perfect heart."

After Abraham had taken his seat there was a brief silence, each saint being filled with holy admiration of the ways of Providence, and the method of divine grace. Then arose a person of imposing appearance. He came from the land of Uz, and was a most eminent man in his day, so that there was none like him in

all the earth. Addressing the assembly, he said, "Afflictions were my lot while on earth, but the days of my mourning are ended. Many and grievous were my trials, but I bore them with great patience. I was delivered for a time into the hands of Satan to prove my sincerity towards God, and to silence and to put to shame the false accuser of the brethren, as well as to show to all that came after me the blessedness of the man that endureth temptation. And no doubt the history of my trials was of use to you on your pilgrimage."

After this I beheld another person rise from the midst of the enraptured throng, who said, "I was born in the land of Egypt, when the posterity of Israel was in the most oppressed and afflicted state. The days of my pilgrimage were cut short, and I was summoned to the top of Pisgah, where I had a most enchanting

view of the land of promise, and died on the summit of that bleak mountain. There I exchanged mortality for immortality, ascended to these heavenly hills, and cheerfully resigned the earthly Canaan for a better and more enduring inheritance. To Him that sitteth upon the throne I would ascribe the glory.”

Elijah the Tishbite arose and said: “Most of you are doubtless acquainted with my translation. One day as brother Elisha and I passed onward in the open plain, pausing for a moment I turned and said to him:

“‘I am now going to leave thee. What shall I do for thee before I go?’ ‘Let,’ said he, ‘a double portion of thy spirit fall upon me.’ ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘if thou seest me when I am taken away it shall be so.’ While in conversation, I heard a rushing sound in the air, and looked up. I beheld an object like a falling star,

bright and fearful, cleaving the fields of space, and a chariot and horses of fire drew up between me and Elisha. I ascended to heaven in the chariot. The transition was sudden, yet glorious. As I drew near this Holy City, new joys beamed upon my soul. The romantic scenery of the Holy Land, in the wild pomp of mountain majesty, sank into littleness and distance as I rode upwards. I uttered no farewells to fields and fountains, but lost in heaven's opening glory, dissolved in the strong atmosphere of eternity, I could not cast one reluctant look on the scene from which I was snatched by everlasting love."

Elijah had no sooner sat down than Elisha arose and remarked: "My life, as you have perceived, had its lights and shades. I had my nights of weeping and mornings of joy. My prophetic office did not exempt me from death. I, too,

had to die; but the anticipation of these higher joys awaiting me, oft filled me with unutterable rapture; and with sounds seraphic floating around me I walked thru the valley and the shadow of death, and joined the worshippers in this temple."

When Elisha had sat down, I heard as it were a great multitude singing: "Alleluia! salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God." After this, there arose a person whose crown shone resplendently. "My name," said he, "is Lazarus, the beggar who used to sit at the rich man's gate. In consequence of my physical infirmity, I was necessitated to sit by the wayside and at the gates of the affluent, asking alms.

"I saw the rich arrayed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, whilst I, the servant of the Most

High, was dependent on the charity of others. I often tried to reconcile these things, but found them inexplicable: nevertheless, in the midst of all my poverty, I felt a joy to which many who moved in the higher circles of life were strangers. The Lord was pleased to cut short the days of my pilgrimage. I remember the last of my begging days. The night shades were gathering around the plains of Jordan, as I with great difficulty reached what I called my home. I crept beneath the torn canvas of my tent, and lay down to rest, being conscious that my last appeal for the bread that perisheth had been made. Though the presence of no earthly friend cheered me as I walked thru the shadow of death, I felt the rod and staff of God's promise and power sustaining me, so that I was enabled to exclaim, "I will fear no evil." As I came near to this celestial city, I felt the heaven-

ly breezes fan my brow, and its raptures thrill my soul; and lo! and behold, there appeared a host of shining ones at the gates, who, on wings of fire, bore down toward me, in their arms brought me here, where the surroundings which made my earthly cup so bitter are unknown."

After this another person arose, who held in his hand a palm branch, and he said, "I was born and brought up among a band of Jewish thieves, and all my life was spent in theft and robbery, and for my crimes I was crucified. But there hung another beside me, and as my life was slowly ebbing out, I cried, 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom,' and he smiled upon me thru His mortal pain, and said: 'Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' And ever since that day I have been serving Him in His temple. Here hymning His high and worthy praise in swelling chorus with

His own ransomed children—here wearing the robe in which he clothed me—the crown with which He crowned me; and singing as I always mean to sing: ‘Now unto Him who hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in His blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.’”

He had no sooner sat down than the whole congregation sang with a loud voice: “Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!” Deeper and deeper still rolled the mighty chorus from the millions assembled beneath the sapphire-lighted dome; and ere the sound of voices and instruments had died away, there arose a woman, Mary Magdalene by name, arrayed in snowy robes, and wearing a chaplet of amaranths and gold, and cried, “All glory and praise to the Lamb of God, who became poor to make me rich, who stooped so low to lift me so high!”

At that moment, ten thousand times ten thousand redeemed saints took up their harps of gold and sang with flaming tongues, the story of "Redeeming Love."

CHAPTER XVIII

A New Arrival's Evening Oration

HARP of eternity! begin the song, redeemed and angel harps! begin to God, begin the anthem ever sweet and new while I extol Him, holy, just and good. Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love eternal, uncreated, infinite! Unsearchable Jehovah! Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unimpaired! Bounding immensity, unspread, unbound! Highest and best! beginning, middle, end! All-seeing eye! all-seeing and unseen! hearing and unheard! all-knowing and unknown! Above all praise! above all height of thought! Proprietor of immortality! glory ineffable! bliss underived! upon thy glorious throne thou sits alone, hast sat alone, and shall forever sit alone, Invisible, Immortal One! Behind essential brightness un-

beheld. Incomprehensible! what weight shall weigh, what measure measure Thee? What know we more of Thee, what need to know more than thou hast taught, and bids us still repeat, at morn and eve?—God! Everlasting Father! Holy One! Our God! Our Father! Our Eternal All! source from whence we came, and whither we return; who made our spirits, who our bodies made, who made the heavens, who made the flowery land, who made all made, who orders, governs all, who walks upon the wind; who holds the waves in the hollow of thy hand, whom thunders wait, whom tempest serves, whom flaming fires obey, who guides the circuit of the endless years, and sits on high, and makes creations top thy footstool, and beholdest below Thee, all—all naught, all less than naught, and vanity. Like transient dust that hovers in the scale, ten thousand worlds are scattered in thy

breath. Thou sits on high and measurest destinies, and days, and months, and wide-revolving years; and dost according to Thy Holy will: and none can stay Thy hand, and none withhold thy glory; for in judgment, Thou, as well as mercy, art exalted, day and night. Past, present and future magnify thy name.

Thy works all praise Thee, all thy angels praise, Thy saints adore, and on Thy altar burns the fragrant incense of perpetual love. They praise Thee now, their hearts, their voices praise, and swell the rapture of the glorious song.

Harp! lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout! and loudest, ye redeemed. And those who stood upon the sea of glass, and those who stood upon the battlements and lofty towers of New Jerusalem, and those who circling stood, bowing afar, exalted on the everlasting hills, thousands of thousands, thousands infinite, with

voice of boundless love, answered, Amen. And thru eternity near, and remote, the worlds, adoring, echoed back, Amen. And God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the One Eternal, smiled superior bliss! And every eye, and every face in heaven, reflecting and reflected, beamed with love.

Meantime the landscape glowed with holy joy. Zephyr, with wings dipped from the well of life, sporting thru Paradise, shed living dew; the flowers, the spicy shrubs, the lawns, refreshed, breathed their selected balm, breathed odors such as angels love; and all the trees of heaven, the cedar, pine, and everlasting oak, rejoicing on the mountain, clapped their hands.

CHAPTER XIX

His Inquisition to the Reader

SHALL we meet in glory's morning,
After time's dark, gloomy night?
Shall we hail its radiant dawning,
Scattering sorrow with its light?
Shall we meet where all time's shadows
To oblivion flee away?
Shall we meet amid the brightness,
Of an everlasting day?

Shall we meet in this bright city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound.

Shall we meet by life's pure river,
 Where pellucid waters glide?
Where the healing leaves and flowers
 Deck the shores on either side?
Where salvation's blessed harpings
 Float in holy melody?
Where the monthly fruits are ripening
 On life's fair immortal tree?

Shall we meet with many a loved one,
 That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?
All the cherished and the longed for,
 Those whose graves are moist with
 tears?
Those whose absence made life weary,
 Thru the dark and tedious years?

Humphrey's

Devotional Series

CLOTH BINDING

"Select Fruits from Beulah"...	\$1.00
Spiritual Lessons from Every Day Life.....	1.00
Fragments from the King's Table	1.00
Sermons That Never Die.....	.75
The Lost Soul's First Day in Eternity50
A Vivid Description of Sin's By- paths for Young People.....	.50
Dew Drops from the Rifted Clouds40
Ready Arrows for Gospel Workers35
Spicy Pocket Sermons from the Alphabet35
Stepping Stones to Ancient Piety. (In preparation).....	
Revival Fire in Song (with music)25
Railroad Sermons from Railroad Stories25
The Convert's Homeward Guide (paper)15
Holy Ghost Searchlight (paper)	.10

